

What's Wrong with Your Hair? • One Really Crazy Celebrity
• Pictures from the Beginning of Time (see page 78)

Esquire

AUGUST 2011

MAN AT HIS BEST

How Women Age

A MAN'S
SURVIVAL
GUIDE

The Science
The Facts
The Photos

How She
Gets from
20 to 60

PLUS
A New
Short
Story by
Richard
Russo

Sigourney
Weaver
is fifty-
freakin'-
one

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A black and white photograph capturing a candid moment on a film set. On the left, a man with a weathered, expressive face sits in a director's chair, leaning back with his legs crossed. He wears a dark jacket and light-colored trousers. In the center, a professional motion picture camera is mounted on a dolly, its viewfinder and various attachments visible. To the right, a younger man with short hair stands looking off-camera with a serious expression. He is dressed in a dark, textured jacket over a dark shirt and dark trousers. The background is a blurred urban street scene, suggesting an outdoor location. The overall mood is professional yet relaxed.

GIORGIO ARMANI



INTRODUCE YOURSELF





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Microsoft

A full-page photograph of a cowboy riding a dark horse at a gallop in a dusty field. The cowboy is wearing a red shirt, a brown vest, and a white cowboy hat. He is holding a lasso aloft in his right hand. The scene is backlit by a bright, low sun, creating a strong silhouette effect and a golden glow on the horse's mane and the dust in the air.

Marlboro

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The images captured by the Hubble Telescope, like this view of Saturn, tell us as much about ourselves as about outer space. Page 24

66 How a Woman Ages Essential questions, surprising facts, and more on the science of what it'll be like to grow old. **WOMEN** BY TED ALLEN

76 How Sigmund Freud Agrees *William and I probably advise him on Freud's, most of a certain age (50 years, in fact). This is a very interesting book. I have, however, been very busy in my own life and I have not had time to read it. I don't know if you get better with age, but I certainly appreciate it more."*

[illegible]

On 24/02/2015, Peter van den Broek, a Dutch citizen, was arrested by the Dutch authorities. He was arrested in the Netherlands, where he was a resident. He was arrested on the grounds of suspicion of involvement in a criminal offence. He was arrested in the Netherlands, where he was a resident. He was arrested on the grounds of suspicion of involvement in a criminal offence.

96 Why Men Hunt It's about the way we with four beards and one eye open regard the back woods, sitting on the woods as dinner. It's about feeling the purpose of nature right in your chest. It's about how, you know, the deer so much it seems to know to kill them. **BY JENNIFER MARR LUCKAS**

[illegible]

120 What I've Learned Rick and Peter talk about speed of work, how trouble sets you back, his sons' big-screen lives, a life on wheels, national drinking habits. If you need advice from our country, find help on top of it all.

INTERVIEWED BY CHARLES F. PIERCE

122 Monhegan Light From the moment he unspools the can of Mott's, he's the truth about his wife, "Lucky," about the sea, it's spitting can reveal—and there's a lot. FICTION BY RICHARD BULLOCH



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pieces are appropriately interpreted by the courts.
BRADY CRONIN
 Atlanta, Ga.

Rock 'n' Roll Reality
 Our readers grappled with the notion of voyeurism in celebrity profiles after reading Tim Janel's semi-fictional "Michael Stipe: His Great Her" (*June*).

I wasn't close friends with Michael Stipe's when I was in college in Athens, Georgia, from 1979 to 1983, but I knew him well enough to get some-oddie ya's from reading Janel's most lewd piece about him. Even the fictional sections ring amazingly true. Reading the story, it struck me that Michael Stipe today says the same goofy things that he said before he was famous. So God bless Stipe—he's hardly changed at all.

CHUCK RINDER
 New York, N.Y.

How so? For ten years or more, I've looked to *Inquire* for great reading and serious information. Now I find I've just wasted an evening reading Janel's fun profile of Michael Stipe only to discover that I'll need to waste even more time skimming the Web story for the few tidbits that are both interesting and true. Such tricks may help you boost your Web hits, but they denigrate your magazine.

RON LOVETT
 Annapolis, Wash.

Deconstructing Woody
 Every month in our column *The Screen*, Tim Carson uses a serious interviewment with his Mus-strict judgments. Two of our other members who recently read their opinions of Carson's June critique of Woody Allen

So Woody Allen does nothing of merit since 1975, huh? Or maybe since *Jagged*

Indecent, *Hannah and Her Sisters*, *Broadway Danny Rose*, *Matchless* and *Wines*, *Deconstructing* Merry, well, most of all, *Crimes and Misdemeanors* surpass even the exquisite *Masters of Sex*. But it's the single wrongness of some of staff Carson says that really bothered me. He's told that Woody's not too "very little bit of gay secret or beauty" since 1975, but Allen was the loudest voice in favor of *Blue Velvet* when *Hannah* was three. Or even in 1946. And then Carson's "laughter" that there of Woody's thousand movies feature the violent death of a woman. John Grisham was right about critics needing to find meaningful work.

KEVIN KATZMAN
 Montclair, N.J.

Once again, Carson got it mostly right, this time on Woody Allen. Taken in sum, Allen's work is like a carpet showroom: plenty of plush, barbed right alongside plenty of indoor-outdoor crap. You have to love that Woody was at both ways to make lots of money and to make great movies. Just as Carson points out, the flaw is that he's so often making the same movie over and over again. For one thing, I gave up long ago. I'm just going to live up anywhere while Woody spins his tiny creative Rolodex, speed-dialing the same numbers in the same area code year after year. Carson can write me when the next *Idiot* arrives.

TOM CHERABELLA
 Greenwich, Ind.

LOVED the story about the author in the latest issue. Very funny and revealing. The latest, from last, in 1999, sent me a mail to timcarson@msn.com or submitted my own opinions. Carson's profile your lifetime. Offense, and maybe more. Carson's to be left to laugh and carry.

The Naked Truth

The sight of Heidi Klum au naturel on bill

June cover, illustrating *W* 5: *Hilton* a provocative article on gene paternity ("Who Giv's This Body?") caused a ruckus of its own

LOVE it to *Inquire* to print the most serious story in years with a picture of an übermodel without her under? Thanks. I probably wouldn't have read it otherwise.

TOM FORTNAZ
 Fort Verde Beach, Fla.

Heidi Klum is a beautiful woman. She would be equally beautiful wearing some darling band. I'm sure, would not be in with your cover story? I enjoy reading *Inquire* during my commute to work, but I don't enjoy the disapproving looks I get from others

as the table who are the cover of the magazine and assume I'm reading porn. Please, guys, tone down the covers.

T. JACOBI
 Boston, Mass.

The gatekeeping of genes and biological material or products isn't as invasive as it sounds. Having a system doesn't mean anyone can own something, it simply means that person has the exclusive right to make money from that discovery (for twenty years). Not a bad trade for some great scientific discoveries when



Hydrate

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Man at His Best

Lisa Marie

The *Man of the Ages* actress gives us her top five monkey movies of all time.

IF SHE WERE OUT HERE, we'd make her our hero. Lisa Marie—better known as Lisa Marie Presley—is the most beautiful woman in show business. She's a real-life princess, and she's the most beautiful woman in show business. She's a real-life princess, and she's the most beautiful woman in show business. She's a real-life princess, and she's the most beautiful woman in show business.

1. KING KONG (1933): the original, with a twist. "It's a beautiful movie, and it's the most beautiful movie I've ever seen."

2. THE MONKEY MAN (1931): the story of a man who creates a great ape. "It's a beautiful movie, and it's the most beautiful movie I've ever seen."

3. KING OF THE MONKEYS (1931): the story of a man who creates a great ape. "It's a beautiful movie, and it's the most beautiful movie I've ever seen."

4. KING OF THE MONKEYS (1931): the story of a man who creates a great ape. "It's a beautiful movie, and it's the most beautiful movie I've ever seen."

5. KING OF THE MONKEYS (1931): the story of a man who creates a great ape. "It's a beautiful movie, and it's the most beautiful movie I've ever seen."



French Evolution

LEGENDARY LITTLE GETS A MAKEOVER

A COUPLE OF MONTHS from now, I'll be putting together my annual list of best new restaurants, but if I had to write that article today, I'd want to proclaim Lucio the best new restaurant of 2004. There is, of course, one minor problem.

Lauree was opened in 1991 by a young Alsatian chef named André Salmer. At the time, lunch went for eight dollars, dinner for five dollars more—major bucks back then, even in New York. By the late 1990s, Salmer and his wife, Simone, had made Lauree into the finest classic French restaurant in America, eclipsing even the venerable Le Pavillon.

In 1993, after three decades of four-star reviews, three-week waiting lists for a table, and a record of never having raised its crude service, Sub-

are shown at, retired and sold Lurcio to the Ark Restaurants Corporation. There was a collective sigh by fans of the restaurant, since Ark's owners included places like El Rin Gordo, Tapatá, Café Grail, and Gomer's y Gomer's—places considerably lower on the food chain than the legendary restaurant.

But Ark did the right thing. It hired a stellar chef, Erikred and Mel led to maintain the tradition of refined, simple cooking. Lurcio was famous for, indeed, the food was even better, just Ark Lurcio-style. But Sullivan's spirit had clearly departed, and many regulars felt the loss. Then Ark did a very smart thing: he stuck

The name Lutter on a bandage of a restaurant in Las Vegas, and the New York origin and lost its luster when Müller resigned last year.

Clearly, it was crunch time, and Ark knew it. First, the company gave an archi- tectural makeover to the town- house that Luttrell had called home for 44 years. The result: a snugly transformed pre- mises so that they are brighter and more vibrant with color. But the real chal- lenge was to restore Luttrell's culinary brilliance, and Ark has done so by partnering with Jacques Le Menager.

demerly of Le Bonmarché and Caffa) to run the dining room and by hiring David Price, just 300 miles away, as recently the executive chef at Paris's renowned Guyonno. Price shows why, at this moment refined, French cuisine is an exquisite pleasure. His touch is very light, but his flavors are very rich. If he can find the smoothest sweetest fry scallops, he'll just steam them and serve them with uncooked endive and a long-saucy emulsion. Luscious, pink red is carved from the bone and roasted

the rules
Rule No. 192.
No. 195:

to Swiss chard and spring aronias. Bountiful lots of lamb gets a Provencal perfume of rosemary, along with a creamy-salted crust, porridge-grits, and onion sauce. And very much in the old Laforey style, potatoes are tarted up with black truffles and a creamy sauce. For dessert there's a lovely potato-chip soufflé and a great chocolate velvet moussé with a hot coffee.

For those who haven't been to Lutece in a long while—as I had not—you'll find that as before, this eatery without homing pigeons is an essential touchstone. Every scratch is still there as the first wine bar up front, and you can still watch the young cooks doing their best as you wait to go to table. If you've never been to Lutece, consider it your first choice to visit at the best, newish restaurant of the year.

—JIMMY MARIANO

*If ice cream is your
weakness,
this will be your
undoing.*



Too much pleasure?

1999-2000

the rules

Rule No. 107

Source: *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, 1990, 85, 103-113.

PLATE NO. 172.

1

Table 1

Rule



The Endorsement: In-flight Movies

IN-FLIGHT MOVIES MAKE ME CRY. Something about the nature of the plane itself: I guess something about the prolonged exposure to infinity in such a pressurized and wretched enclosure. You have to face yourself and the people sitting next to you, and the ground, and the sky, and what's beyond that sky.

You have to face what you do. I want to face, so what results is a subtle emotional state that is an absolute debt to circumstance. For example, my fellow passengers' vigilance: I think there, especially the ones sitting next to me, because in the event of disaster they stand between me and survival, and in order to preserve myself, I sit up and clutch my seat belt on the way to the exit. I have to stand guard then that they are as vigilant as they claim to be; then, their attention shifts back to me, which is when I start looking around and see again in a capsule of general life not just for them, but for all fellow humans. Flights give us our brief of wonder: you see, it's all love and hatred at 35,000 feet, and by the time shades are lowered and headphones are jammed around, I'm a sucker for whatever cinematic manipulation, which means I'm a sucker for movies with messiahs and for the souls of Caligula, Cronenberg, and even the broken-down, indignant old black Jerry Maguire had me first in love, and I didn't even rent the headphones. And that movie with Anne Heche and the gorilla? Let's not talk about it. Of course, I really don't take sleep; I wish the people next to me in an extended journey with beverages and peanuts, instead, if they say my name, I'd want to assure them that I'm always there. After all, John was there thinking they knew something they didn't, and that's all I want to go on doing, and if we do go down with them, I don't want them thinking I should suffer they do, and I'd like to see the wall.

—TOM ALLEN

»The Indefensible Position: Racist Jokes Can Be Funny

YEARS AGO: I worked nights at a dancing school. The city where we were the only I passed the time by smoking weed. One night I was getting high with Michael, another in order to blow me in the back, but the drive was broken and he spilled up.

Now: Michael said, very solemn, "when it gets down to it, we're all white women."

I showed him this for a while. "Yeah, I really said, 'hey, hey.' Michael started to shake his head and really fell off his chair. We still weren't in love, but we had a good, long laugh.

Sometimes few things in this world are better than a laugh. And funny is funny—whatever the joke's built on and no matter how terrible and cruel the stereotype is to boot.

As a white American, I look for the victims of discrimination because they are people: smart, conversation, physical ability, appearance, intelligence, and people close—especially people close. But I'm not enough to laugh here about any of these things, even if I'm right.

Michael said, "You know what happens to a star with a bad rap when he falls into water?"

Now: "He sinks his boat." "You might as well laugh, now. Hey, life's long, short, and not hard to do."

—SCOTT BAUM

»The Complaint: Adults Reading Children's Books

REMEMBER THAT DAY IN COLLEGE when you wrote me a letter of needing you that had read The Hobbit 10 times before his 10th birthday and drew up all 1000 pages every year for Halloween? I never forgot that day. I think it was your parents who asked me to borrow it about 10th birthday, and you don't know it, so you can imagine how my little of friends has doubled since. I, too, reading and I'm not about to draw out the book. It is now officially mine. Then, after we're talking more than 50 million books sold between them, many of which were purchased by our parents, adults. Reading and I don't know how they possibly passed up to tell the adults some stories, and what could be wrong with that? Reading is going on, but, but what is wrong is that government isn't buying this book, it's lining up around the block to meet the authors, and it's shopping week like Muggles and Count Olaf's casual conversation. Then there's some who are in the company who are a bit too irritated by the book, but, but a real book, I mean, read Walker, Read Muggles, I'll read Count Olaf, just don't read books that have something like "children's books." The next time someone tells me that the Harry Potter books are "just trash," I'll break down and cry and then I'll tell them to go to hell.

—JILL ALLEN



"Goodnight room, Goodnight moon."

There's nothing more beautiful than her sleepy, squinting eyes smiling at me the moment she wakes up.



Style Agenda

A SPECIAL PROMOTION FOR ESQUIRE READERS



NEW ADDITIONS TO SWATCH'S POWER LINE, "GST"

SWATCH introduces two new GST models with all the features watch-aficionados expect from the best engineered man's watch. Made to withstand the rigors of everyday life, these superb timepieces are designed for those who find fulfillment in their professional and sporting challenges. For a complete catalog, please call 800-432-9330 or visit SWATCH's new Web site www.swatch.ch

A NEW SHRINE FOR NBA FANS

Existing news for basketball fans throughout the world: The BASKETBALL HALL OF FAME will unveil its new state-of-the-art museum in spring 2002. The signature shape of the building—an 85-foot high sphere resembling a basketball—doubles as the site's entry, memorabilia and interactive areas of the current building located in Springfield, Massachusetts. For information on current Hall of Fame events call 517-4-HOOPUSA or visit www.hoopshall.com



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TOMMY HILFINGER

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In June, CHRYSLER will host the exclusive interactive sponsor of the 2001 Lake Placid Film Forum, an intimate celebration of quality films and filmmakers, with an accent on the art of storytelling and the emerging trend of digital filmmaking. A special seminar on "Digital for the Digitally Impaired" showcased a selection of digital films, including Chrysler's own critically acclaimed commercial "Golden Gate." Visit Esquire.com to watch three of the digital shorts screened at Lake Placid, presented by Chrysler, as well as a special 60 version of "Golden Gate." Chrysler's sponsorship of the Lake Placid Film Forum underscores its commitment to innovation, technology, and design excellence. For more information on Chrysler's full lineup of award-winning vehicles, call 800-CHRYSLER or visit www.chrysler.com

A Man and His Money

THE Portfolio



GREEN: Slow Death in Aisle Three

RETAIL STOCKS ARE RUMORING, BUT IT WON'T LAST FOR EVERYONE



By Ken Kurson, a longtime every dark financial writer in Sonoma has a favorite profession, the one who got away from it, a dark-haired Indian, and, yes, I even wrote a song called "Greenie" for her. She's the kind of thing I dig about her. Although she dressed with level this, she was financially loyal to white. Jack's death underwrote yet another only at Kmart. Jennifer was the niece of Brenda—a successful consumer who went out of her way to shop at Kmart because she wanted to. And she's why I think you're big readers like Ben, Kmart, and JC Penney won't survive the next twenty years while a relative newcomer like Wal-Mart will thrive. If retailing at the warehouse level is a totally different game today, Status is conveyed entirely by the

seen, not by where it's purchased. The midrange department stores are dead when they think that their space is an expensive mall or mall where there has been tremendous value shoppers feel different about the cash-to-use analysis they do when choosing a day. The Wal-Mart of the

world—does that reflect a new era of the mall and not the store—so far as from of their competitors, it's unlikely the old guard can catch up. Stores, the high-end shops, from big ones like Neiman Marcus to boutique like H&M, are in a race to offer their customers

the screen

In Praise of Stoopidity

Illustration by Roberto Parada

NOW IT'S PREMIERE time again that Tom Green's *Stinky Cat Fingers* will be the most hated movie of 2000. Hell, O.J. couldn't bring so much animosity as we spend 15 minutes gagging on most viewers. For the first time, though, Green's debut has been a flop, and don't say the hype didn't ruin you. Responding to its free dose of testosterone dressed as concern, *Entertainment Weekly* wondered, "Was Tom Green finally tapped over the line?"

Presumably, reviewers took issue. After cataloging *Stinky's* gross-out Green dropping himself in a deer's freshly gutted carcass, Green jerking off a horse and on elephants, jokes about child molesting paralogues in the need for love, at one point, they praise all well-worn MTV's Mr. Obarapona for being funnier than so well as disgusting.

One exception was *The New York Times*'s A.G. Scott, who understandably downed his dissent before calling Green an actor in the newspaper of record. Mr. I came out of the less-than-picked theater more battered than I'd been by any comedy since *King John Malkovich*. I believe, I thought a gross-out art movie. The boy *Stinky Cat Fingers* is that, just as Green is the charge of child abuse that gives the movie its (great, by the way) title, he brings a hint of Freud

Today's gross-out comedies vent our phobias the way sci-fi shockers did in the fifties. But that's not the only reason they're the most interesting movies around. **By Tom Carson**

He brings women to their knees.
Men he knocks
on their



GEORGE FOREMAN
TUESDAY



SONNY LISTON
WEDNESDAY



MUHAMMAD ALI
THURSDAY



JOE LOUIS
FRIDAY

OSCAR DE LA Hoya
MONDAY

Go toe-to-toe with five of boxing's greatest champions and decide for yourself if they're skillful technicians or savage brutes

Biography

The people you thought you knew™

Knockout Week begins Mon., July 23 at 8pm/7c

Hosted by Harry Smith

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A&E

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The Last Round

It's 7:15 in the A.M. Eighteen holes from now, I quit. Forever. **By Tom Chiarella**



THE THREE OF US STAND at the first tee. Pines rise above our heads from the nearby airport, noisily cradling their way up into a winnowing wind I put my thumbs to my ears. My brother is first up. He tees it up and says something I'm sure is mature, but I can't hear. The wind. The pines. The snafu. The air is pecked with sound, the scene bright and bone-dry. It's 7:15 a.m. We didn't sleep much. We are playing golf. We're in Vegas, again, and the wind is blowing.

Despite the noise, the world looks remarkably empty from the tee box. The course—a new track called *Black Box*, situated just south of the Mandalay Bay hotel—feels so down in this place, built just below

the level of the desert to keep us from seeing too much of the Strip or the airport, the highway or the parking lots, malls, drive-up tellers, cable-dance joints, liquor stores, and billboards. The sky is painted the sort of blue that in other aspects of my life I regret for being, well, too blue. The blue of the T-shirt I never wore, the rental car I won't drive, the lobby of my dentist's office. Goddamned sky.

My brother kicks his pants. Now I can almost hear him. He's saying something about *Requiem* and *Key*, or he's going on about the desirability of bloody things. He's knocking down in a hush, trying to play smart through a south-bound crosswind. I know just what he's thinking. Those first two minutes. *Central Park*. Good posture. I couldn't care less. The drive and a half hours from quitting this game. Forever.

Pace it. Eventually, you will have to quit. There will come a day when you just say the hell with it. Maybe you'll declare it's your last day. Maybe you'll know it in your muddy little heart. Maybe you'll plan to play this one last time, then take up jogging. Or maybe you'll just let the clubs lie around in your trunk until you forget they're in there. You were never any good anyway. You never practiced. And why the hell did you think the money, the time, all of it, would make any difference? Just like that, you'll find that you have quit.

Today is my day. I swear. My head hurts, my neck is stiff, I'm out \$400 from the tables, and my socks feel sticky. Now, my brother Frank, he cares. He's concentrating. Our partner, G, he cares, too. He's also concentrating. He wants some of this. He's got his *Liquidated* driver out. He's repelling the distance as if he's about to murder the horizon with a baseball bat. Me? I've done. Frank takes the ball and somehow it

the lives of men

Pre-op prep:
a surgical smoke, and
holding the line

By Curtis Pesmen

My Cancer Story

(Part Four)

On December 22, 2003, author Curtis Pesmen, forty-three, learned he had colon cancer. Following chemotherapy and radiation treatment, surgery was scheduled for April 5. This is the fourth in a series.

Pre-Op Prep Talk

"Hey! I say to my wife, Paula, after the small alarm chup-chup-chups on wheels, 'let's go get some cancer out.'"

Sounds like I'm cheerleading on Surgery Day but I'm not. Just making light in the early-a.m. dark.

"Hey!" I say, "let's go get some cancer out."

Road Trip

Rolling through the patchy-black streets of San Francisco toward the hospital, our gel frame at the wheel, Paula up front, one stretched out at an odd angle in the backseat, still seems to be straight up on my tumor.

Time to take the motherfucker out. Traffic at 800's a breeze, though I'm wishing it weren't. I'm suddenly in no hurry... thinking about the odd positions they're gonna have me in through out this ordeal... the total colectomy or whatever. Ten lots to worry, but I'm wondering, still, whether the pre-op chemo/radiation combo would shrink my tumor enough to allow these UCSF (University of California, San Francisco) doctors to excise all of what we all went excited. Don't want to hear they got "most of it" - that means I could be back here in a couple years, the "absolutely curable" me rattling through the darkened streets once more, heading for more cancer surgery after having to deal - and likely failed - to come up six-year-old term life insurance policy.

Pre-Op Prep Walk

As Dr. Mark Wolman acid last week, it's Operating Day! But before he opens me

Chenoweth looks top left. He and Paula holding on charity after surgery. The recovery walk back to the street, starting about the same.



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF PAULA'S MOTHER, KATHLEEN

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Bad haircuts are pretty bad. But think of it this way: It could be worse. It could be *the* worse. Take Allison Anastasia, one of the Mafia's most notorious hit men and a principal of Murder Inc. One day, Anastasia stepped into a New York barbershop. A little off the top, Mr. Anastasia? How about a closer shave underneath with lead? That's what happened on October 28, 1932, when two men walked in and unloaded their .38-calibers into Anastasia. Your trip to the barber may not be as life-threatening, but it still can be dangerous. Screw it up and you'll look like the lead singer of Journey. The trick is finding a style that complements both your physical features and your own features, and then maintaining it with products that don't require a half-hour each morning to apply. That's all you have to do. That, and avoid consecutive power struggles at La Casa Nostalgia.



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Originals never existed. What we added had, and it got back to work. (D-Snore, D-Snore, D-Snore)
"I was having a sleeping problem, so I gave D-Snore a try."
"It works!"
"I'm happy!" — Susan K. (D-Snore, D-Snore, D-Snore)

The Esquire Guide: Hair Grooming





REVENUE to be the most stressful decade for her. Just as her kids are getting older and more trouble-free, her parents are getting older and more troublesome, and you're getting older and more troublesome yourself. And stress is a well-known factor for depression, early stages of heart disease, and high blood pressure ("It's not women in their fifties and sixties coming in complaining; it's having no interest in sex, no

Complicating matters, her warlike notoriety continues to decline. Starting at around

TEN YEARS LATE 16

forty, without cardio. And he's probably losing half a pound of muscle a year while at the same time gaining fat—and he occupies 100 times the space

Meanwhile, for her as for you, the lenses of the eyes are losing elasticity: a condition called presbyopia, which blurs close-up vision. A decline in the level of estrogen in her blood is starting to affect the amount of collagen and elastin in her skin, reducing its firm-

...and, during, the time is living and moving, and sensibilities are becoming more pronounced. (You're not going to tell her on this, but, according to the poetry: The experience of her life are mirrored in the facial expressions, and inside those the words of passion, and those expressions are a window

...of her life on her face.)

[illegible]

Frequency of Sex

PERCENTAGE OF WOMEN/BLACK
FOLK IN DEER HUNTING
CLUBS

4015-24	20%
4015-22-23	60%

2000

Frequency
of Onset^a

PERCENTAGE OF WOMEN WHO SAY
THEY BRAG TO OR ABOUT
ACQUAINTANCES

ACQUISITION	
ACQUISITION COST	100%
ACQUISITION COST	100%

5

Why do breasts sag?

FILE THE LAME REASON: you probably do it because they're made of glands and fat. And no muscle. The mammary glands, ducts, glands, and connective tissue and fat tissues are supported only by ligaments. After their spermatozoa pulled out of their chest, usually waiting in a woman's body for a few days, they never regain function, some saying it's a reversible injury—which can add help to fat tissue in the breasts—and pregnancy-related connective-tissue breakdowns in the breasts and groin. And with age, breast ducts fail to thrive, mammary tissue shrinks, and the support system of ligaments, connective tissue, and fat shrinks or stretches.





TWENTY YEARS LATER

It's plain as day: The evidence that the women in your life is a much more interesting biological entity than you. Those of us with Y chromosomes experience no transformation remotely so profound and mysterious as menopause—in some ways it's more extreme than pregnancy. "For one thing, pregnancy is only one month, and as time past on from delivery, the hormones revert to normal," says Wanda Zozus. "But in midlife, when the natural hormonal milieu starts changing of its own accord because a woman's body is shutting down its reproductive capac-

ity, it drastically affects just about every organ system in her body."

What's all about Estrogen levels, which fluctuate wildly for some years during perimenopause, finally drop 75 percent or more from their peak. The array of potential symptoms is hardly a precise formula: mood swings, night sweats, memory loss, sleeplessness—but none are universal.

Sexually, menopause presents a mixed bag. Estrogen

loss can cause vaginal walls to lose elasticity, resulting in dryness and sometimes pain during intercourse. The libido may shrivel, expiring more of the others, which can become less as nature with age. Swelling and lubrication of genital tissues take longer to occur.

But there is no decrease in

a woman's ability to orgasm, although she may experience different or fewer contractions per second. That might amount to little more than a sounding error when measured against the freedom from worries about contraception and unwanted pregnancy—for some women, this completely transforms the sexual experience.

Meanwhile, it's becoming even easier for her to gain weight, she needs fifty fewer calories per day at age fifty than she did at forty. Her skin becomes thinner still and more delicate. At fifty, half of all women will have gray hair, which also will be noticeably thinner and drier than it used to be.

Discrete layer forms and fully developed

BONE Most men don't begin to decline for two decades and women's is the most striking. But with the onset of menopause, women's bones lose at a much faster rate. In a study published in the *Journal of Bone and Mineral Research*, researchers investigated changes in the absorption of bone's calcium. The greatest effect is on trabecular bone—the spongy layer of calcium-rich material that surrounds the central bone canal. This material makes up a relatively small portion of the skeleton and is the most vulnerable to bone loss. As trabecular bone becomes more porous and even eventually breaks down, the central bone canal becomes larger and the bone becomes more brittle. As trabecular bone becomes more porous and even eventually breaks down, the central bone canal becomes larger and the bone becomes more brittle. As trabecular bone becomes more porous and even eventually breaks down, the central bone canal becomes larger and the bone becomes more brittle.



TRABECULAR BONE



CORTICAL BONE

Do women's brains decline more slowly than men's?

NO. When it comes to brain health, men and women are pretty much equal. Although women live longer on average, they're also more likely to have dementia. The greater cognitive decline in women tends to be seen with age and gradually goes down to the point where men and women are about equal. Women's brains decline in activity and size more slowly than men's, but it's a gradual decline, not a sharp one. And it's a gradual decline, not a sharp one. And it's a gradual decline, not a sharp one. And it's a gradual decline, not a sharp one.





THE WOMAN TO COME

What am I looking at for the next twenty years of my life?" If sadness's one of the things she overlooked in the past, she's coming at the problem a lot later. Her bones have been growing brittle and porous inside her, for decades, and if she

caused by poor follicle growth, women's estrogen levels, and relative androgen levels, causing the hair on her head to become thinner while the hair elsewhere is able to thicken and darken. Hibberts' research for many years on

infection in her bottles and she has increased her risk of high blood pressure, heart disease and diabetes. "My appetite for sex may actually wane at this point, but certainly, in fact, it will," he says. "I am not by a long way the best of a completely bad situation of terrible problems. But best, the notion of 'Use it or lose it' applies; if she has not had intercourse in a long time, she'll likely shrink up and dry out a little, requiring a man with a slow line, an easy touch, and some slippery stuff."

And, growing all the time, is the future of the last century's woman: the expectant. She was forty-eight (Gibson was the same) when she reached menopause, a newborn today can reasonably expect to be vigorous at least into her eighties—a gain of thirty years of life. And despite all the fussing, she's more youthful and probably more active and happy in these years than women even younger than her were in the past. At for you, if you've been lucky in these matters and she hasn't, tell her for once Larry Ferrentino-type guy, your life is immeasurably better. *Life is*

2000

Woman	Man
CANCER	ACID
ACCOUNT	HONE
HEART DISEASE	SURGE
SUICIDE	CRACK

Women	Men
HEART DISEASE	HEART DISEASE
CANCER	CANCER
STROKE	STROKE
ILLNESS DISEASE	ILLNESS DISEASE

haven't been increasing fast calcium intake and doing weight-bearing exercise also faces a high risk of developing osteoporosis—a loss of one third or more of bone density. One half of all women over fifty will suffer from it. (Creative ladies! Although men, too, suffer bone loss, they are less susceptible to osteoporosis because they build stronger, denser bones from childhood.)

In other happy news, you aren't due milk and honey for

her face or skin. Her skin is changing ever more dramatically, the dead cells on the surface are becoming irregular. This is also when skin begins to lose its ability to repair itself, especially from sun damage, cigarette and alcohol.

Her weight gain may slow down or reverse in these years because, despite the continued decline in metabolism, her appetite will often decrease. But, just as for you, the extra pounds she added as her

Why do women live longer?

Age might not be a factor in smoking, the average woman still old from the average man by almost 24 years. Effect except for birth rates of all types of cancer longevity has been studied for some time. But, and have found mortality in all ages. He did not know why for cancer, but there are many factors.

Marriage at the 70th birthday being smaller than the 60th and the concern for the lower significant years, is smaller and more adjusted to cancer, and a stable including cancer and heart diseases. And continuing on the large male adult sex, shows early death 20th and heart disease risks like higher blood pressure (arteries female hormones, breast cancer, and aging) (Scientific)

Abstract Men who drank more risk taking behavior, poorer diet, less frequent medical care, and greater financial participation in the labor force both in standard dangers.





She was twenty-nine when you saw her in that little T-shirt in *Alien*. Now she's fifty-freaking-one.

HOW SIGOURNEY WEAVER AGES

It was not a 1970s sensibility, but I was always kind of doing what I wanted.

By the time I was twenty-seven or twenty-eight, I wanted to be thirty. By the time I was thirty-nine, I was having a child and forty didn't register on my radar at all. I was a mother. At fifty, I had just celebrated my fifteenth wedding anniversary, which seemed like a much more important achievement than having reached fifty, which you do without working at it.

Part of my enjoying each new decade comes from the fact that my parents are still alive. My father is ninety-two, and my mother is in her late eighties. My mother is very fit; she still plays golf. My father stopped doing so in his early eighties. They're both a little frail now, but they don't acknowledge it. At one point, my husband and I agreed to meet out to be near them, and they were horrified. They really left us were mourning as their togetherness.

My greatest help with getting older is having a husband who doesn't care about my age. Jim is from Hawaii, and he likes things very simple. I don't have to do as he expects to make him proud of me. He expects me as I am

and I feel much, not looking in the mirror. I feel thirty-right. I don't know why I even though I feel thirty-right, I'm happy to be fifty-one. I really believe that if you feel good, you look good. I'm not trying to live in the past; I'm living in the present. It's not surprising to find previous slacking in certain areas. Jim is talking to me about going back to college and getting my master's in English. That would be fabulous. Or I could join the Peace Corps. There are so many options. Once your children are in college, a whole new life begins. What's going to happen? I don't wait.

My definition of the word *nostalgia*? Happiness. I don't really have one. I've had no sign of it so far. When I asked my mother about it—since I haven't experienced it yet, I'm curious to know when she experienced it—she said, "I never have." Now, of course she's lying, but you know, she's right. The Irish don't really talk about those things. You just go on with it, know what I mean? I've read articles that say life is better after adolescence. I guess the only way to find out is to go through it.

I'd like to act for as long as I live. I'd like to do in the middle of a role. Hopefully the world will have given a chance to see you reach that. You're a critic in your own right.

I think as fifty-five to sixty, you're still young. In terms of

have I feel much, not looking in the mirror. I feel thirty-right. I don't know why I even though I feel thirty-right, I'm happy to be fifty-one. I really believe that if you feel good, you look good. I'm not trying to live in the past; I'm living in the present.

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A JOURNEY TO THE BEGINNING OF TIME

Only a tiny sliver of the world's 100 billion tons of oil will be used by the U.S. and other industrialized nations. It would be a good idea to use the plane for a few flights a year, but not more. — **BY CHARLES P. PIERCE**

you can't see the beginning of time if you just look straight at it. It's like most sensitive receptors in the human eye are along its edge. They deal with dim light and shadows, with the grays and mysteries and maybe maybe-nots of the perceivable world. Nearer the center of the eye, there are receptors accustomed to dealing with bright light and with colors, but these become useless in the dark. Look straight through a telescope and you can't see anything. You have to look off-eyed and peripheral, the way gangbusters do, or soldiers fighting at night.

you want to see the beginning of time, you have to look at it indirectly.

You look, sideways from the earth, through an anguished beast, a consciousness of order, parcels and instruments and antennae and mirrors and antennae with a will. But look a

one end—an involved no back forty-four feet long, weighing as much as seven backs. Nearly four hundred wives up, it rolls around the plaza once every ninety-seven minutes. Every so often, the duck dances in its orbit, kicking one guide stick, and takes a good, long back out onto spine, which also is a good, long back back through time because light moves faster than history does, which we know because Einstein was right. It dunks in at the smallest of sea, and then it reads the straight back to earth.

The captured starlight enters down to a manuscript page building by the side of a rocky road that winds through the campus of Johns Hopkins University, on the north side of Baltimore. Stars come to first place early in the spring, sailing in the trees that rise from the deep ravines and small valleys along the winding road. The tops of the trees are about level with the building's windows, and when the hawks fly by, it's startling to see them that closely, to count their feathers and to watch their wings work, to see flings that ordinarily occur lie up in the drifting air. Our eyes fly with them in close formation.

The starlight comes down past the bowels and into the building—named, ironically, the Space Telescope Science Institute—done for scientists to study. It leaves the building as starlight once again, as photons that take as its places where we—the big We the species We—likely will never go. People fly the Hubble Space Telescope from here. They maneuver the duck, and it brings down the starlight from which comes the science and from which also come the pictures that are, for better or worse, the public face of space exploration in the beginning of the second-first century.

We rule the pictures, children of the Space Age, which now seems as distant as the Bronze Age or the Reformation. We rule

the pictures the way we once rode with the astronauts before NASA got so clinical and military, it's hard now to believe that it once took flies to space in vehicles named *Gumbie* and *Stoney*. Slowly, impossibly, space lost its romance. It became just another place where people went to work.

We tried to love the space shuttle. It was as durable as an old pickup—with one horrifying exception—but not half as romantic. The shuttle delivered things. It repaired things. It brought people to work. And that's what it did, and that's all it did, and there it was: Space. The Final Office Park.

Gone with the Wind years ago, the Hubble was no bargain. It rode the shuttle into orbit, and when they turned it on, it didn't see. It panned data back to earth, but the pictures were faded and blurry. So they sent the shuttle up again and fixed it. This time, the pictures were sharp and vivid, and all the bascom children, now grown, rode them back into outer space, and the night sky wasn't just a place where people worked myoneses. It became a place the way it had been before, an enormous place with wonderful things to see, where dreams rose in swirling misters again.

Let us pick, for example, April 1, 1995, to be chosen a day. They aimed the thing at the constellation Serpens, down in the southern part of the Milky Way. Some folks at Arizona State were studying nebulae—great rainbowsome clouds in which stars are born—and they wanted to have a look at one of these things in the serpent's neck, about forty-two trillion miles away. The dark drab: the starlight, and in a few minutes, the sunlight arrived as darkness. It was washed through filters, it was analyzed and dissected. There was valuable information in the captured sunlight concerning evaporating gaseous globules, dense areas of gas that surround evolving stars. There was also a picture, and the picture looked like the sketch in *Walloffe*.

There were three towering pillars of gas, each surrounded by a glowing aurora, and each one of them topped by newborn stars. The pillars looked as solid as El Capitan. The surrounding space was as deeply blue-green as a primordial ocean. It became known as the Eagle Nebula.

"I've tried to figure out what the big deal about this image is."



This image, released in April 2009, offers a close view of the white part of the helmet, which was not wearing headbands. There is another group just in the corner, very close to the camera, which is a professional influence in the group of the new formation. The entire group is in the same line.



Classroom From left, with *The King's Speech*, 1,000 hard copies to cheer the film's release. The book also includes a DVD-ROM with audio clips, a glossary, and a list of related books and films. The book is available for \$19.95. The book is available for \$19.95. The book is available for \$19.95.

meets Zeil Levay, an image-processing specialist who works with the Hubble. "I guess the thing, to me, is that it looks like a real place. It looks like a workplace that could almost be."

The Hubble has looked as deeply into us as it has into space. It has found in us the private nebulae in which personal impulses and fears lie latent, which complicate the Hubble's identity as a scientific device. There is a strong Carl-enthusiastic school of thought that holds that the Hubble is something of a show girl, a very expensive three-day-a-week photo booth in the great mall of the cosmos. It maintains that while the Hubble's contribution to our understanding of the universe is substantial, it has been inflated by the hold that the telescope's images have taken on the public mind. It is

is a compelling argument but, ultimately, a vast one. It is tangled up somewhere between astronomy and cosmology. The former is the province of specialists but the latter has its hands in us all, and it is on these hands that the Middle's paradox have come to lie.

Even adding, then, the space-truck the imagination, capturing it, furling its deepest and most complicated impulses. The Hubble is how we fly into space these days—real space, not working space.

Astronomy wasn't always "a lot of data or numbers crunched by computer like many of Einstein's results. Even of prominent cosmologists—all those Mayans tracking the solstices and equinoxes—astronomy always had with it a little bit of magic, a little bit of glory too. The magic of the astronomer, alone or as mountaintop in the dark, peering into the black above, was central not only to the mission of astronomy but to its history as well. Through the last century, when astronomers lived in as many places as there are stars to study. One of them was my ancestor Wilson, in California, where Edwin Hubble changed not only the universe but also how everything in it is—clothing included—perceived and viewed."

The one-handed-inch telescope atop Mount Wilson had only just appeared, and Hubble was using it mostly when there were total solar eclipses including strange variable phenomena within the crescent flares. Andromeda. In his observations, Hubble was aided numerically by one Milton Humason, an unlikely technical assistant. Finding him in the middle of this story is rather like studying the history of galaxies only to discover variable coordinates made by one, Eric Dierckx.

was in the middle of things, and then the sun was special until it was discovered that it was merely a run-of-the-mill star in a galaxy of them. And now here come Hubble, proving that even our galaxy wasn't particularly unique. He wrote of his findings to one dubious contemporary who later referred to the notes as "the letter that destroyed my universe." And Hubble wasn't finished.

Two years later, he published the first in a series of papers in which he not only confirmed that the universe was expanding but also established the *Hubble*-dependent speed as a unit of velocity now known as the Hubble Constant—by which to calculate that expansion. Greatly aided by a precessionist, rule-driving *dropout*, Edwin Hubble described how the universe worked. But not all of the old cosmologies in his pocket, all the way back to the Stepanovians and their equally *hazy* cosmology.

And he'll dose it from the ground, and there's the cross for you.

It's a place of unrelenting security with periodic A-walks through the *Star Trek*® Science Center at Hollywood—the yellow antennae in flames and the physicians in Adidas tracks. Software engineers, sharply cosumed and permed, argue with raptured data analysts about the *Kirk* disk. Whatever does is code there is here cannot exist somewhere between *Benjamin Franklin* and *Conscience Clearwater Revival*.

"You the guy in the tie," Steve Beck with exasperation.

As a young astronomer, Beckwith learned to look on the bias, the way you do if you're trying to look back through time. A Wisconsin native, he studied at Cornell. Beckwith once looked through a telescope to find a galaxy and didn't see a thing. So he looked sideways, the way you do, and those sensitive peripheral receptors picked the galaxy out of the shadows and the dark and the distance. "You have to shut your eyes and let it stare," he says. "It takes a while to get used to it, because the brain wants information from there, right in front. Instead of from the side, off to the side."

Bedworth has been the institute's director for three years, providing over a brilliant steady crew and an energetic, if fractious, culture. There are troubles within the institute between the physical scientists and the various technical experts required to keep the Hubble aloft and operating. Bedworth has to keep both sides working together. He also has to defend this place and its primary instrument against encroachments from outside the institute.

The principle behind the Hubble was simple enough. Even the largest ground-based telescopes had to confront the problems of bright ground clutter and vibration within the earth's atmosphere. The Hubble literally ran along those difficulties. Nevertheless, there is continuing controversy over whether the Space Telescope has done as much from space as the one it is named for did on the ground. Some astronomers feel that enhanced optical william deliver from Earth images equal to those taken in space, a contention with which Biedouw vigorously disagrees. Moreover, there are more than a few scientists who believe that the Hubble has virtually reversed astronomy, at least in the solar system.

The Habille site, its technology has great astrological significance (this might have baffled even that male-dominated institution, Harvard Museum). In fact, that map grabbed cosmologists to the limits of their understanding, very close to that point in time when the universe began. On two occasions in the past five years, scientists have likened new theories into "reading the mind" and "seeing the face" of God, which is the kind of thing that once great Galileo tested in a Florence house.

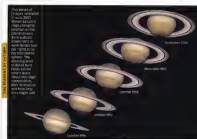
In his breakthrough work, the Habille Space Observatory involved Michael Horowitz, an astronomer at the Royal Observatory who worked fairly often "the HBT" but produced no such impressive library of beautiful pictures, but not all of them here to much aesthetic potential as the publicity evokes would have on balance." The Habille said seemed here of public self-interest, especially if you think of how Habille was not unambitious.

Of course, the Habille site is not a place where people who are not concerned at all about the Habille's decorative philosophy are interested ones; experiments to places where actual of where an undisciplined scientific imagination runs hot and wild and free. After all, science is something more than the other

man's team used the Hubble to calculate a new value of eight billion years at centers, or centers. The lower the constant, the older the universe, so Freudenmann's team argued for a substantially younger universe. Other scientists stepped in to encourage Chang's view in the popular press, where it was speculated that the big bang theory itself was coming unstirring, which was not the case at all. Finally, both sides agreed that the dispute likely wouldn't be settled until the middle of the twenty-first century, and then maybe we will know how old the universe—our universe—really is.

is a formed itself into a coherent image. Our place in the universe—where we place ourselves and why and by whose grace, if by anybody's—always has been defined in much by the art of imagination as by the calculations of physical science. Once, the cosmos, imagination lived on a mountain. Lure it moved to the stars. But this is the cosmic imagination now—painted on the walls of a building with a colonnade in which brilliant people argue about a school that

The Hubble was a famously 18-starred venture at its start. When the *Challenger* exploded in 1985, NASA and



10

ing of knowledge to which we all have a common right—it is our treasure on this too—and we will make of that knowledge what we will. The Hubble is a device through which new knowledge begets itself into these old places.

And, in truth, Hebble's has produced some rather unscientific knowledge (that is, detectable, although perhaps fewer than its designers produced). In 1993, quite by accident, the Hebble caught on image of an exploding star producing the first direct evidence of "cosmic gravity," a mysterious, primal repulsion between cosmological objects, the existence of which was first postulated by Einstein, who later repudiated his theory altogether, only to be proven right nearly ninety years later. (If Einstein were around today, astrophysicist Michael Turner told *The New York Times*, he would get a Nobel prize.) Which is good to know! And back in 1994, observers working with the Hebble touched off a controversy that involved the work of Edwin Hubble himself.

A team led by Wendy Freedman used the Hubble to calculate a new value for the Hubble Constant, which at that point was accepted to be fifty kilometers per second per megaparsec. Freed-

"It seems that no result is case to be believed until it has been attributed to the HST," wrote Michael Shelden. "By the same token, any observational claim made by the HST must be correct or at least more reliable than any earth-based measurement."

This seems to recode the point that, somehow, the Hubble crew is to ensure all astronauts, possibly forever, as soon as the Eagle Nib-



A STAR IS BORN

In a redaction of the Sunday July 2002 17-episode *SPN* week, the stars come to life. The music is as lush as the set, as Sherry Sumner (played by Scott) and her friends (played by the original *SPN* cast) are shown in a more realistic way. There are also some new scenes, including a scene where the stars are shown in a more realistic way. The music is as lush as the set, as Sherry Sumner (played by Scott) and her friends (played by the original *SPN* cast) are shown in a more realistic way. There are also some new scenes, including a scene where the stars are shown in a more realistic way.

to chase, the Hubble's deployment was delayed until the space agency found its first gap. It finally flew—shroud discovery—April 24, 1990, and it was not a day later. It was no coincidence with glitches that it quickly developed a reputation among astronomers as a considerable lemon, for example, it suffered a hardware tendency to shut itself down, ostensibly to protect its instruments. Its purports remained especially useless for the purists—clear sharp images from deepest space—those would decide the answers for fixed to overlook public imagination.

Then, four hundred miles up, and at a running cost of more

that 24 billion, the Hubble turned upon Mr. Messier

Far back in production, long before the Middle West, the steering instrument had been used to calibrate the right-for-left main mirror on the telephone's optical-display assembly, which was mounted by the head of the entire device. The instrument introduced an error—a "spurious observation"—into the mirror during production. Essentially, the lens of the Middleby's eye was malfunctioned, and the blunder compounded itself the way that a small navigational miscalculation off Cape Cod eventually means you land in Stockholm and not in Ireland.

forenoon. Merle dropped through the floor

On December 2, 1993, three years into the Hubble's career as a punch line, NASA sent up the Endeavour to repair it. Working delicately in space, the astronauts laid the Hubble with a series of additional mirrors known as the COSTAR system that works much as spectacles do for the human eye. The pictures cleared up almost instantly. They sailed into the public domain and, through it, into the public imagination. The Hubble began to sell itself again.

Malibu pictures turned up as screensavers, as bookmarks, as the cover of a *Real Jams* CD. A month after the rape mission, the pop-

ten days. The picture they got back would never make a great poster—try starbursts on a midnight field as pointillist fishing compared with the grand fresco of the Eagle Nebula—but through its screen came its art. It has become known as the *Hubble Deep Field*, and it is nothing less than the final triumph of Edwin Hubble himself: numerous young galaxies, long like grapes in deepest space, lights that first blazed ten billion years ago.

Send him in your card, the picture says. Look back to something being lost, perhaps toward everything he is losing. An ancient event scene, where it was new, as though we could look today at Waterloo or Tannenberg, or the late Age. Another present, but one long past. The essence of the Middle culture—and the key to how it has changed the way we look at the answer—is the distance between these two pictures: the Eagle Nebula, wherein evidence is described by a dramatic scene, and the Middle Dawn Field.

The black and white image at left is a ground-based view of a collision of two blackouts about twelve million light-years away. Designed to provide a view of the same event, the first image on the right is a simulated view from the Hubble Space Telescope. The two views are shown side-by-side to reveal the differences.

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NOVEL SPORT LIGHTS: 2000 COTTON SHIRT (30%) AND NOVEL TROUSERS (35%) BY OTTAVIO ARMANI

The Clients

[illegible]

—CLAUDE LANGSTON

REQUIRE AGENCY USE ONLY



Why Men Hunt

BECAUSE THE WOODS ARE BEAUTIFUL. BECAUSE IT IS A THING THAT BROTHERS AND SONS DO TOGETHER FOR TWO WEEKS EVERY YEAR. BECAUSE YOU BELIEVE YOU ARE PERFORMING THE WORK OF NATURE. AND BECAUSE, WELL, HAVE YOU EVER TASTED JOE'S VENISON NECK ROAST?

By Jeanne Marie Laskas

Photographs by
Brian Velezchenko

HE THINKS OF HIMSELF as an intruder in a deer's living room. It doesn't bother him to be an intruder, doesn't bother him in the least. He'll tell you what, why should it? Does it bother an owl to be an owl? Does it bother a coyote to be a coyote? He doubts it. He seriously doubts it. He's been hunting for thirty-some years, and if he got one today, it would be his forty-ninth or so whetzel. He's hopeful. Because this is opening day of buck season, this is the day of hope. This is the day the deer don't know what the heck is going on, so you have the element of surprise in your men weapon to work with. The element of surprise is gone after opening day. The deer get clever. They go even more nocturnal. They get harder to kill. This only makes them more beautiful. Pretty soon it's like hunting ghosts, spirits in the woods.

So anyway, here he is, crouching through a practically perfect dawn, laughing his guts out (privately) about how stupid he is. He was out here in these very same woods yesterday, getting



a coyote. You can't tell a date on Sundays. Most years, back-to-back snowstorms about two weeks, followed by three days of late-season snow. Typically, you're allowed one back and one day, although some years you can get a bonus together on extra. One way or the other, you have to tug your kilt right after you shoo it, and don't even bother trying to cheat or in any way mess with the game commission, because it has the authority to barge into your house and look over your shoulders for extra-fit women.

He tilted his head, a jet-black Westphalen 200, his long good shoulder. This is a counter-balance, not a shotgun like you have to use closer to town, where you might have people to worry about. A shotgun is good to like a hand-held pump, whereas this thing will shoot five inches probably the life of a 207-diamond, 300-grain bullet. He makes sure the safety is still on. He drops the gun across the tree. He lets his finger, holds it over the wind, feels the gust, blunted that it's blowing toward him, meaning a wolf's eery howl would mean the same. The gun points the compass-compassed from number zero. He rose down, it, back again to the tree. He puts the gun in his right, gun as a disposable weapon. He gets the camera in his left. His gun out a bottle of water, puts it back left the gun and his binoculars, hangs them around his neck. He looks for his gun, puts it between his legs, and holds it with a bag. The sun is casting, it's just the first shadow of light, but it's light all right. The sun changes everything. The

Crack-fewest! A shot way over on the eastern ridge, the lead the mine over. Crack-fewest! Crack-fewest! Crack-fewest! Jones takes his head. That guy doesn't know what the back he's doing. He's not even aiming. Well, he thinks he is. Joe can tell the difference between the sound of a hit and the sound of a

Anders' that sounded like Joey life's over on the ridge with Ray Kinnear-waffer? That sounded like life. He could have been the next Ok. He hoped. He would like for Joey to get something like the *year*. Joey is thirty-five, the oldest of Joe's three sons and the only one who hunts. Joey doesn't always hunt with Joe and Ray. It's the three of them. Is it what they do. It's as natural as going to church on Sunday. Joe's other two sons, they go on that that damn computer half the time. They're taking play digital deer hunting there and so on the world. It's okay, though. They're good sons. All but one still live at home. That makes him laugh. People say, *Why don't they move out?* Joe says, *They can't do it. Too cool.*

[illegible]

Baronesses (Okey, then) the card starting up steadily. The card starting up more than either *Jury* or *Roy* can stomach. The quad is a four-wheel motorcycle within trailer on the back of a leading dead deer out of the woods. They leave the quad in George's hands, since you're the left. As for figures, the figure help. He wouldn't want a cup of coffee around, he has a thousand in his trunk. If he goes for it in the woods, he brings his thousand with him. It's not like the smell of coffee or even a hair smell with a going, goes how many to the door. To them, the smell of human being is just another stronger anyone. There a unity you can wear. Like *Jury* went into a man's secret old house. But he is not really the lord of hunter. He leaves the revenge for love, heads down the three rails, out of the woods around the barn.

Ray is sitting on the quad. He's reading. Ray doesn't look any younger. Jay, he's in doesn't have any of the angles or the curves or the gravity. He has small blue eyes and short gray hair. One of him sitting on the front bar orange bar with the NBA logo. "Yes, now tell you see this thing," says Ray. "Twelve points?" "Yeah, right. Ray has not said a truthful thing in probably his twenty years. Ray chose five lacrosse, a page to turn.

ride down through the pasture, across Spring Valley Road, and then up a steep hill and into another set of woods. They part and then hike until they come upon it: a beautiful, long-stemmed white oak hanging from a locust tree. Its front legs are tied out to its head. Its head flops to the right. Its tongue hangs out the side of its mouth. It is dead and relaxed, a muscle done being a muscle.

Its abdomen has been sliced open, the heart, lungs, stomach, intestines, and other viscera removed. You want to gut it immediately so the meat won't spoil. The contents lie in a wet pile about two feet away, red and pink and blue. These represent another fifty pounds to drag out of the woods, which is another benefit of gutting it, and leaving the entrails for the coyotes to eat. The cavity where the guts used to be is mopped out with a article so as to allow drainage.

"There's money kids on the street," says Jack, smiling less-than-proud and strong. He doesn't look anything like his father. He has a dark black beard, the point of which is as long as a finger and something of a military man's posture, which as a young man, sitting in his seat in the Air Force for fourteen years, doing military public and special operations. He's happy to do different stuff, driving and engineering stuff. But that's the part of that job, and, oh, due to his work on Iraq. When he got home from the military, he was too old to go into training for the state police, which was the other thing he always wanted to do. Now he works on the dark building boom for UTS. A job he may soon quit because he doesn't like working from inside, he's not some college boy on summer vacation, nobody else's life. Better to be your own boss.

Anyway, Joey is the one who gutted the deer. He did this for Ray because he's better at it (Ray once attempted the task with a butter knife) and because that's just the kind of person he is. "Wat many ticks means he didn't just sit around all day," says Joey. That means less fat. That means better taste. Joey is big on the science of hunting. He can recite the placement of various

I Am Large,



All 11 her names are Baby, Cindy, Susan, Nobody, Joey, Heather, Vangie, Roger, Martha.
By Mike Sager

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PEGGY SIROTA

I Contain Multitudes*



Mother, Piggie,ambi, Rosey, 2, and ONE. (An adventure in multiple-personality disorder.)



not too fit. Her surgically altered cheekbones looked prominent in the gauzy light, making her seem safer and more attractive than Ed expected.

not too fit. Her surgically altered cheekbones looked prominent in the gauzy light, making her seem safer and more attractive than Ed expected.

Across the corner from the living room, across an expansive floor covered in carpeting, in the office area of the house, a man named James was searching the Internet. Thick, dark, and flowing, James' hair was a "polished-slab condition." About an hour earlier, Roseanne had developed a craving for a particular slice of pepperoni chicken pizza with Mexican sauce in the Salt Lake City neighborhood of her youth. The cookout had to be eaten and eaten in the middle, exactly at the edge of Crestview where dining figured prominently in life. Once the recipe was secured, James and Mike, Roseanne's personal assistant, would head to the store for provisions. While they were gone, Roseanne's phone would ring. It would be a number Roseanne had determined. It would belong to Roseanne. Through an on-line chat word, exactly, that was my sense of things. That the couldn't or shouldn't be left alone. That my presence at the ranch had put me in the line of duty, one of the available options.

New Mike appeared in the living room, carrying a tray. Handsome and well-muscled, thirty-one years old, Mike was dressed in his customary uniform of flared shirt, cargo shorts, and calf-high Caterpillar-branded construction boots. On his belt he wore two beepers and

So there we were, all snug and cozy in the living room at Big Bear Ranch, Roseanne's mountain retreat near Lake Arrowhead, California. Night had fallen, the windows were frosted with frost, a thin blanket of early-November snow covered the grounds. Though our interview had finally commenced about six hours behind schedule, things had proceeded rather smoothly from there before we saw the daunting prospect of a long, dark, treacherous drive home I was gathered and ready to leave, but not yet able

A fire marked in the large stone hearth. Roseanne was abashed in overstuffed chair, her dirty feet dusty in the worn slippers, leaning on the ottoman. I take the liberty here of using her first name only. Born a Bari, reared-in chronological order—to a Priesthood, an Ancestral, and a Thomas, internationally famous for playing a Corner on television. Roseanne has lately found herself in a bit of a fix, name-wise. A forty-eight-year-old, barely-seeing mother of five without a suitable identification. As you will see, her predicament is altogether fitting. She's doing her best to sort things out.

Rosanne was dressed in faded blue jeans and a ratty, avoidant sweatshirt appropriated from her current husband, Ben Thomas, her former biggamead, when a man forty-four years her junior with a tan guitar. Ben was not present at the ranch this evening, and neither was their five-year-old son, Derek, for whom the place was named. Rosanne wore no makeup put on no one. Her charm between her was taut. She was fit, but

[illegible]

"They're all open!" Roseanne exclaimed, escaped
"And..." Mike said sheepishly
"Was open and isn't?"
"Was do you think?"
"Did not?"
"Did too?"
"Did not?"
"Glee, fine," Mike said. He let out a sigh. He's born with
Roseanne and ten for three years.

"I'll get some at the store."

In short order, Rousseau and I were alone. She seemed happy and expansive; there was a sparkle in her artificial, dark-beaven eyes. She was considerably less litany than her well-known public persona, the loudmouthed! Demerol-God!

dest, queen of tabloids and tattoo parlors, descender of an institutionalized and most of our nations of good time. On the course of our interview, in fact, she'd been unambiguously engaging—despite her emotional tendency to call me an idiot and to point out my personal flaws—revealing herself to be intelligent and well-read, if somewhat grammatically challenged, holding forth articulately on a wide range of topics: crying violins, quoting references and texts. But no mention the sense of humor, wicked and perverse and high-end, punctuated by the occasional belch.

Though our interview was long over, Eisenstein was in the mood to talk. She monologued entertainingly on a variety of deep, new-agish subjects: her belief in the Goddess, the possibility of alien life in the galaxy, her desire to sponsor a chess tournament for Palestinian and Israeli youth. She talked until he talked and she talked. And then, suddenly, she stopped talking.

For several long minutes she stared her coffee. Her eyes seemed to be focused on the flames dancing in the fireplace. Her spoon tinkled against the sides of the mug. At last, she turned to me. "I have MSPE," she said. Her scratched the chafing tone of a hearty little kid.

MPPD, sexual Multiple-personality disorder

She stared at me for several long seconds. I raised my eyebrows hopefully. A pained look crossed her face. "We have very different signatures," she said.

"Like you. People who don't have the gift. We consider it a gift. Those of us who..."

Just then the kitchen door swung open. James and Mike tumbled in, laden with groceries. Roseanne went silent. She darted me a nervous look, stood, moved toward the kitchen. "Did you get all the stuff I've ordered?"

Linda, the cook/nanny, a smiling Filipino in a professional uniform, served coffee in china cups. It was just before noon on a rainy winter day some months later. Roseanne and I were in her office at the Big House, an architectural showcase of glass and concrete with twenty-foot ceilings and waterfalls and stairways on a high ridge overlooking the Pacific.

Roseanne was sitting behind her desk in a dark leoparded upholstered chair, enveloped in a perfume cloud of perfume. It was full melody and a cheery black cat, a daphnaphant, bejeweled ornithoise with molting head scarf, honey slippers. As Lisa da left the house, Roseanne opened a drawer and retrieved two small paper bags. One bag contained furtive cookies dipped in dark chocolate. The other bag contained furtive cookies dipped in white chocolate. "I live on chocolate," she told companion after. "This house is all mine because on my husband's coat of arms."

She took one cookie from each bag, then broke each carefully in half, shared the halves with me. She dunked her dark chocolate piece into her coffee, took a bite—encouraged me to do the same. “Good, huh?” She took another bite, scratched her eyes closed. She tipped back her head as if in ecstasy.

"I was thinking of changing my name to Sarah Jones," she said next, sipping her coffee, referring to the secret-society letter as the basis that regulates names and moods. "My high school friend, Sarah Jones, was a very nice girl."

THE QUEEN CALIFORNIA: FROM DISAPPOINTED LADY! When Waters' "You Know, they cut her in the end. When that movie came out, the part of me that was the mother was a very young part. She used to watch Disney with the kids and I'd say, 'You're just a helpless mother. When I think now that she let those kids pass when they were five years old—now! That's a kick, you now! I'd never let her back out there, though I did let her leave a little the other day to something on TV about serial killers. It was all about multiple personality disorders, you know, and I just don't want to hide anyone. Whenever Day 5 is my wedding anniversary, and I would have an anniversary/cooking-out party. Because it's the same concept of coming out of the closet.' You're all afraid to have anyone know who you really are, especially when you're a lot of things. I was always in conflict about coming parties, but I've learned how to get them to listen to each other. Now I've learned how to get them to know they're on the same note, that we occupy the same body which we never know before."

Remember that the olive-drone-like doppelgänger couldn't pop it into her mouth. "How do you talk with their mouths full?" she said, giggling. "There weren't any other Jews where we grew up in East Lake City. Our neighbor on the corner was a German. He'd come straight over from Nazi Germany after the war. He used to torture me every day. I'd come home and tell my mother. She'd bring me, he'd kick me in his garage and called me a Jew bitch and told Hitler me was right! And my neighbor would say, 'bitch making this up!' And to those it was wrong, she likes the guy to work at our house. That's how crazy my mother was. One time I came into the kitchen and she was lying on the floor with her hands pressed all over herself, praying the wendigo. I was real little. Can you imagine?" So many, she hints that Nat just has to prove me wrong. There he goes, another personality disorder. To DHA: That's what they call a non-dissociative-identity disorder!

She calls another tip of coffee. "It comes out of being a bit less. It's kind of aversive. There's a lot of 'Why, mystical beings involved, and some people have animals, and most people have both sexes—there's a given. I know people who have dogs and stuff. It comes out of the mind, they are between two and five years old. When you're at that emotional-development level, where you really can't tell the difference between what's in your hand and what's outside your head, people were. That's why I have trouble with animators. Because I think I tell their dogs, but the truth is, I told it to somebody under my head. And then I go away because the animators said I didn't tell them. And I tell it. So it tells you, you see it's like."

"It's like living in a mine. It's like that old woman who keeps adding up to her house. You've constantly building more and more rooms, more and more windows up. It's like putting soldiers in front of the wounded one. There's a wounded one, you know, and that one is being defeated by all the parts. But the parts don't get along. And some of them have some real strange ideas about how to defend. That's why integration is such a political thing. Some people are saying you don't need to integrate; the bourgeoisie is a class of bullheads, accomplished by accident."

She leaned forward, locked my eyes. "Don't go on wrong. It's all for navigation. After ten years of hard work, I'm at the point now of having co-consciousness. I haven't had any amnesia in a while. I haven't had any blackouts for quite a while. I used to have them minute by minute. It was hard to follow through on a task. Like forgetting to call someone back for seven years."

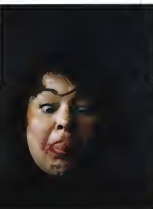
"That happened! Really? This is my life, you know. I live in a different time and space than other people. I'm out-of-synch in time. That's why I have the most big calendar up there," she pointed to the wall behind me: one of those large white-board planning calendars. "See where it says 'Christmas'?"

I let the question hang a moment. "I think it's already January."

Roseanne cut her eyes toward the calendar, frowned, then broke. "It is January, isn't it?" she said, somewhat abashed. Then she shrugged her shoulders. "I'm hungry. Are you hungry?" Where do you feel like eating?

A few weeks later, toward the end of January, Mike was leading the way through a back-alley entrance into Roseanne's new studio apartment, a storefront on the north wing of Hollywood, a quaint little throwback of a beach town tucked into the rolling landscape just south of the Los Angeles airport.

Her Christian Lacroix gold leather jacket, her purple Chanel suit, her \$100,000-silver hair apiece, \$100,000 earrings, oversized jeans, designer loafers. A very naughty nightie. "Oh, look at this thing!" She laughed uproariously, moving back her head. "My sister co-brand wanted me to wear this in *Vanity Fair*!"



Just then, Mike interrupted: "Here I, I gotta get going." Roseanne's face fell. "But... the 'hungry'!" she said, with a boundingly like normal to have forgotten all about the garment she was holding up beneath her skin on a hanger, a black lace corset with supple lace cups.

"Go next door and get something if you want," encouraged Mike. "Yes, well, okay," Roseanne said, pulling herself together, nothing now the garment beneath her skin, as if seeing it for the first time. She shrugged her shoulders and arched the longer look into the rack, a protruded parabola, a rising metal disk. "Everybody out!" she commanded.

Roseanne and I successfully navigated the trap next door, returning with large greasy orders of french fries and onion rings sprinkled with capricious amounts of salt. We walked into a black leather sofa in a little waiting room at the studio, a white table, place where Buster Keaton once made movies. "Okay," Roseanne said. "Life is gonna get something done here. I have total control of my mind today. For the next twenty minutes, probably I hope, anyway."

"Should we try to meet the client?" I asked. "God," she said. She ripped open a paper bundle of suit with

her teeth. "That's heavy shit!"

"I'll go easy. You tell me how."

"Tell me what you want and I'll go there."

"It would be logical to make a sort of movie and meet all the characters. I think."

"Power," she said, a wholly negative sound, hummed through her nose. She made a face as if the voice coming from "That's a real freak show. A real uncomfortable table freak show."

Roseanne snatched a fry, long and crispy and bowl shaped, starting at the tip, taking small chipmunk bites with her front teeth in a weapons. "Everybody thinks I'm Roseanne Conner," she said thoughtfully. "Right now I have to make. I need a last name. When you're like me, you have a lot of names. I



have a lot of biblical names. A lot of Jewish names. And a lot of aliases. And I don't know how many surnames."

"You said seven, right?"

Her eyes widened. "Shut up," she moaned, a hark away. "You're gotta be the one who knows something, don't you?"

"Pardon?"

"Every time I'm in the mood to talk, people interrupt me."

"Sorry."

"That's this book, *A Confederacy of Dunces*. My favorite quote is where he goes 'He wiped a tear as he contemplated

his Godlike mind. I have lost quite. I have that my mother sold the book after she committed suicide. I know I was fascinated at a really young age. I have the ability to transcend time and space. And because poets with people they claim are dead."

"Cool." I said.

"I love being in this house," said Roseanne, speaking over her shoulder in a husky whisper, stepping gingerly across a cuffed garden hose. "We built cushions here, we have been with the neighbors. It makes me feel normal."

Ten blocks from the studio in Ben's Doghouse, a rich guy's sentimental take on a typical, upper-middle-class dwelling, with the requisite gym and washed ceiling, a greenhouse for the

"It would be logical to meet all the characters," I said. She made a face as if she were tasting lemons. That's a real freak show. A real uncomfortable freak show.

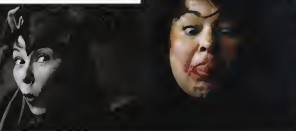
runway. Ben stays in the Doghouse when Roseanne looks him out of the Big House—this that time last New Year's, when he drank too much and started doing front flips off the furniture. Or when he just made a break from the whirlwind of their life together. Roseanne married him because he loved and protected her, and he still does, fiercely, playing the stern father to her troubled teen, supervising her movements and affairs, calling her on her cell phone every hour.

With the Big House roof undergoing repair, the family was staying at Ben's Doghouse. It was late February. The anniversary/camping-out party had not come off. Roseanne had been avoiding me for weeks, busy with myriad projects: her movie (a film version of *Rollerball* by Rita Blue Brown), her three screenplays, her Web site (RoseanneWorld.com), her pinball, her cabala studies, her book on DID with her shrink, a renowned M.D. who had a hand in writing the American Psychiatric Association's official clinical definition of DID, and to be suffered by one percent of the U.S. population.

Although Ben had suggested we use the greenhouse for our interviews, Roseanne was restless there. As length she decided to should wait along the shore instead. It was further decided that the way to get in the shore was not through the house, so you would normally arrive, but through the property's service entrance, on the west side of the double-deck lot, cluttered with tools, usually from recent rains.

Maintaining several a while earlier, Roseanne made her way along the side of the house. Inside, in the dining room, the two Hispanic maids were busily cleaning. They averted their eyes as their master opened past the large windows, dressed in camouflage pants and an olive-drab shirt. Roseanne kept her eyes averted, too, as if not looking was nine tenths of not being seen. On her face was a gold, exfoliated grin—that teenage girl, sneaking out her window on a school night.

Two houses down, the street door closed. We climbed a little hill to a concrete-beach path, behind below as the overgrown view of the cable Pacific. In the foreground was a picture of the Golden State address featured in movies: large metal holding tanks and pipeworks and Electric-art crows, tall concrete snail holding white antennas, high voltage transformer towers on an old refinery, a power plant, a water treatment plant. Roseanne picked up a three-foot stick from beside the path and tapped it shy along the ground as we walked. A guy rode



We fled through a hallway, past a pair of Hispanic maids inspecting the floor, into a large main room.

"Look at all that!" Roseanne thrilled. There must have been a hundred linear feet of industrial garment racks crisscrossed to capacity with women's clothes. She threw out her hands gleefully, twirled around like Mary Tyler Moore. "Oh, my God! I forgot about all this stuff! Where's my Ray?"

"There's some of 'em right now." Mike said, wearily, reflecting about eight linear feet of Ray coats.

"Where's my other mask?"

"Still in storage, I guess."

"You guess?"

"Like I said, you have at least two times this much stuff to choose."

Roseanne dropped her pink plastic Hello Kitty knapsack—a switch to the floor and staring-what cover of her L'Oréal—and approached one of the shiny chrome racks. "Wow. Here's my rubber mink! Oh, good Lord—there are my fur-trim pants!" She moved through the racks like a politician through a crowd, touching and feeling and reading. So many long-fingernail pieces of her wardrobe, each with a story to tell

Esquire Style

Hell- Bent⁴ Leather

At the **Martinsville Speedway**, where **Nascar** drivers, including **Jeff Gordon**, go fender-to-fender at triple-digit speeds, **Esquire** finds a daring style that's as American as stock-car racing itself. **Photographs by Julian Broad**



MARTINSVILLE SPEEDWAY VIRGINIA
325 WILE OVAL,
12 DEGREE BANKING TURNS

Wacky drivers are like Pam Crayon and Shag rolled into one so far as their fans are concerned. Ironically, they've managed to avoid becoming the prime dances that populate so many other sports. Case in point: the maddest Stone Park, above. "After many people die a heartie is the camaraderie a team builds," says PALE. "You hear drivers talk about chemistry and although it sounds funny, it's true. I trust these guys to do the best that they can, and to return, I know they expect the same of me." Rusty Wallace: alone left. Has been in NASCAR since 1988 and has won a grand total of seven championships. "It's changed so much and so fast over the last few years," notes Wallace, the man champion. "The popularity keeps on spiraling upward" and we're recognized competitors with all the big-end guys now. What's new is that we are a family sport—always have been and always will be." On Stone: LINDSEY JONES (2000) by WARDEN. GORDON JOHNSTON (1993) by TOMMY WILKIN. COTTON T-SHIRT (1994) by DIXIE. COTTON DRESS (JANU 1994) by LINDA JONES. VINCEPE SUWED (1994) from cheap jeans. On Rusty: COLLIER JONES (1993) and wall shirt (1995) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label.





Some of the sixty stock car racers learned their trade by racing machines on country back roads during Prohibition. Slurping into the law could require some, whom still driving. I never either probably don't want kids like Andrew Livingston. Below, its focus on that too much. Many fans arrive a day or two early to camp out by the apex ready as Amanda Mahon, Jayson Michael and Jennifer Esmer and "It's really amazing," says Mahon. He is, "your bringing out with all the fans and getting to know everybody." On Andrew, Leather Jacket (2010) and customer's favorite (2010) by Chuck Valente: custom denim jacket (2014) and custom denim jeans (2014) by Law's jeans: custom T-shirt (2014) by Calvin Klein. Open his pace, interwoven from his 2010: all Amanda, Jacket, Man: by Steve Jacobs. Top mid 2011 by Machine, lower by Dwight E. On Jayson, denim jacket (2010) and denim jeans (2010) by Steve, custom T-shirt (2014) by JWC. Leather boots (2010) by John & Gailana. On Jennifer, jacket by Elykissimera, T-shirt by Calvin Klein.





Wally of NASCAR's *dash cam* as directed by Tony Amend. Below: who traveled nearly four hundred miles to see drivers like Tony Stewart, left. *Barbie* should be dead. "I've been a NASCAR fan since I was about twelve," Amend says. "It was a bit of a dream to work on it. I got really into it and it was like, 'I've been a fan since I was about twelve, it's completely different from what you see on TV—the smell in the stadium, the way it gets so hot that you can't even talk to anyone. It was perfect.' On Tony Amend: leather racing jacket (\$2,895) and cotton denim jeans (\$195) by Diesel & DeBorja; leather boots by Comme des Garçons. On Tony Stewart: leather jacket (\$475) and cotton denim jeans (\$195) by Diesel & DeBorja; leather boots by Comme des Garçons. On Chase Jack: leather boots (\$495) by Marni.



For more information see page 116. Casting and production by Caroline Rahbar Productions. Grooming by Javi Rodriguez for the 10th Season. For our picks of the coolest new clothes and where to buy them—plus style advice from executive editor Adam Osment—visit [essence.com](http://www.essence.com).

What I've Learned Richard Petty

Race-car driver, 64, Leavelle Cross, North Carolina

INTERVIEWED BY CHARLES F. FERGUSON

The first thing I learned about an automobile was how to walk it.

I always compared my family to a farming family. My father was in the racing business instead of raising cows. We used to go to school and play football, basketball, and all the boys, when they'd get through, they'd go home—most of them was country boys, and they'd plow fields and stuff, cows. I went home and we used to raise cars. Some people are devoted to do certain things and be successful at 'em, and we don't have any control over that. All we can do is do all we can and hope we're one of the chosen ones.

My father was a jack-of-all-trades. Before he went into the racing business, he had a couple of trucks, he'd find anything for anybody, anywhere, anytime—you know, one of those kinds of deals. And then, in 1949, he bought into a service station in Greensboro, and he read in the paper where Bill France was having strictly stock-car race in Charlotte. And he said, "Honey, we're going to try this." That's how it got started.

You see somebody driving a Volkswagen, their personality is for the Volkswagen. You see somebody driving a Cadillac, they're got a Cadillac personality. Everybody expresses the way he is in the automobile.

Anything I tell you is just the way I see it.

Luck is where opportunity meets preparation or preparation meets opportunity.

If you look at the cars out of our country, it's all in on top of itself. It would be a black hole. The United States was famous for people who couldn't get along when they were staying. These people were individual people. They didn't like what they were seeing or what was going on, so they came over to do their own thing. The way was two hundred or three hundred years ago. That's our background and we're still doing it.

We've got a guy from Mexico that's doing for me in a new, Carlos Contreras. He came over to our team last year and he couldn't talk English, so he had to learn it all talk to the people who work on his cars. Now he's got pretty good English, and I'll talk to him and I'll say something, and he'll look at me, and I'll say, "You forget, Carlos, I don't talk English. I talk Southern American, okay?"

Speed's relative.

When I first started racing, my father, one of the first things he said, he said, "Win the race as slow as you can." Everything was the even last. If you have a bad day, somebody's going to have a good day because of it, or vice versa. If you're 90 percent confident, yes, but if you're 99 percent confident, don't, because you'll get it inside. We look at NASCAR as really growing and growing. It has, but it's not grown up more than the neighborhood where you lived thirty years ago, you know what I mean?

In building a business, exposure is everything. Good, bad, or indifferent.

Let your kids be individuals. Whatever they want to do, try to back.

When my grandson Adam died, it was more than upset. You say, Okay, my father done this, I done it, I'll do it, and then Adam was doing it and he got killed. I set down one night thinking about all this stuff, and I was reading the paper at the same time, and I said, You know, part of this is my own fault. It's hard to imagine him. And the next I saw two different articles. A fourteen-year-old got killed in a shooting accident on a Friday afternoon, playing second. Another kid, seventeen years old, drowned playing around in the lake. And I said, Okay, that's it, see what I mean? It would have made any difference. In Adam, it was playing. A sixteen-year-old kid in a race car having a big crash. He died enjoying what he was doing.

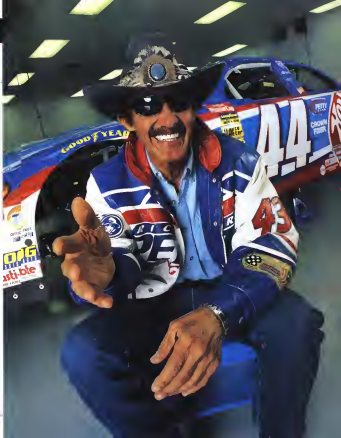
Quick as my ride, get out of the hospital, and it's in the motorcade.

Most people are bad drivers. They don't realize they're running fifty, sixty miles an hour, and one little mistake from there can cause a wreck or a full-on body. If people pay attention, since times out of ten they're going to get by. You can't go from the first step on the ladder to the third or fourth.

I'm a big believer in fate. We can do everything we can to create the right circumstances and win the game, but fate steps in, and we can't control fate.

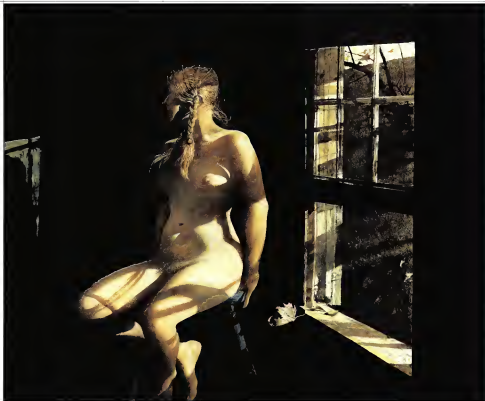
I've allowed a lot of things to happen instead of making them happen. You know what I mean?

There's no old driver drivers. It



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PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY AROON



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RUSSO

ell, he'd been wrong, Martin had to admit, as Monaghan began to take shape on the horizon. Wrong about the island, about the ferry. Maybe even wrong to make this journey in the first place. Joyce, Clara's sister, had implied as much, not that he'd paid much attention to her, colossal bitch that she was. Imagine, even now, so long after the fact (after the fact of

Clara's death), still trying to make him feel guilty. As if he were the one who'd been living a lie for twenty-five years. He could still see her smiling at him.

But he had been wrong about the island. About what it was. He'd imagined Montserrat as harboring some sort of retreat or commune inhabited by starving, self-declared, intention-free painters like Japoe, Wanshies, (Not that Robert Trevor isn't, was one of those.) But a quick scan of the brochure had shown him that this was no commune. The artists who summered here were not hoping to "revive" one day they already had. The island's other claim to fame was its hiking trails, for which he was grateful. Other wise, how would he have explained to both his siblings why he was spending his money doing what he was doing? For Harbur as planned? His glance over at her now to make sure she hadn't caught on to their trick and excuse.

The woman in question closed her eyes and reclined her head over the back of the seat so that her smooth throat was exposed to the weakening September sun. Her long hair hung straight down, spilling over the top of a backseat that a young man sitting behind them had wedged between the seats. Martin gave the boy an apologetic smile and received in return a shrug of camaraderie that suggested the boy understood about poor women who were careless with their hair.

No, Bear was not the sort of girl. Mahtia reassured Janette, who "bought on" to things. In fact, the way she took in new data well was apparent surprise was one of her great life skills. An archivist, he have seemed to represent the extreme end of her emotional range when it came to revelation, and to Mahtia's way of thinking, there was much to be told for such reasons, especially in a woman. Both never said I-told-you-so, even in an I-told-you-so situation, of which the

ry was the latest. The whole trip, hastily arranged after the shoot had wrapped, was not going smoothly.

"I think I've discovered why they don't take cases," Martin told her, returning to the island's information brochures. He'd assumed her curiosity that all these islands off the coast of Maine had ferries that took waterbodies, and that now, after Labor Day, they probably wouldn't even need a reservation. "There are no ferries to the island."

There is a downside to Leitch's constant reticence, of course. That arched eyebrow at hand may message to convey, perhaps by intention, perhaps not, that the reason that she was not greatly impressed by the fact that they were wrong about something was that the unknown son, knew you better than she knew yourself, and therefore inferred that she was wrong. It's a little like a fox at a hen. When Martin glared over at Kathleen, he was rewarded with the precise arched eyebrow he'd anticipated, to meaning something different. Fortunately there was a trace of a smile, so, and to that smile a little of generosity that Fitzgibbon kept her from professional bitchiness like his sister-in-law, Kate.

"No general rules, as always," he continued, after Fitzgibbon allowed her squint to relax. "I'm not saying that because there are only really two, five-fall-time residents on the island. Five children attend the local school."

Bird did not open her eyes when she awoke. "I wonder if they have a special program for gifted kids."

Martin replied, "If a medical one, come to this."

Beth did not smile, coaxing Martin to wonder if he'd misread her remarks about the grief-stricken child. "I'd assumed she'd miss it to be funny, since it was, but one never knows." She looks perfect for you, Martin," Joyce had remarked yesterday, though Beth had remained as the car while Martin climbed the front-porch steps and rung the bell. "How clever."

"and there are diamonds in ashore."

"It's suggested here that visitors bring a flashlight, since power outages on the island are common," Martin read on in the pamphlet. "I don't suppose you've got a flashlight on you?"

At this, Beth pulled the material off her tube top away from her chest to check. From where Martin sat, her entire right breast was exposed for a full beat before she allowed the elastic to snap back into place. The young man seated behind them had chosen that precise moment to turn his up, which meant that he must have gazed, Martin guessed, an even better view.

"Hey," he said, when the boy was safely out of hearing along the board's opposite end. "This ain't L. A."

"It's not," she said, frowning seriously.
"Really?"

"Olé, man," he said, going back to his brothers. "There people have different ideas about reality in New England." California born and bred, he'd been to the North east only a couple of times on shoots, once to southern Connecticut, which didn't feel much like New England, and once to Boston, which felt like the city in west. But Perumattam had flourished in the rocky soil, had it? And after dining up the coast of Maine from Portland, Minna thought he understood why people who lived in such a harsh, unforgiving physical landscape might come to sterner conclusions about sex than people who lived in Malibu.

"Yeah, well, I've spent a lot of money on a dozen hands, old man."

Which was true. And not just her boobies, either, Martin was certain. Both true a few he loved inflicting whatever mild

Actually, she was not merely a firm believer in fitness. At thirty-five, her body was taut and lean, her long legs toned and rope-like, her navel the faintest of indentations. For many of the thousands of marathon runners like Jessica, truth be told, were a little too firm, at least for Maria's taste. Better to look fit than to cross. Whatever she'd had done to them caused her nipples

be in a constant state of infection. If the boy ever at the red had gotten a good luck, he'd already had the best of them.

"Ugliness," Martin's friend, the director Peter Asavrad, was fond of saying wistfully. "I gradually being beat out of the market in California." And here,

ity along with it, Martin sometimes thought. Living in L. A. and working in "the industry" Martin saw many beautiful women, and the most beautiful of them were fired in some way that made them anxious. Audrey Hepburn's

phobic. *Smith: I'm a person. I'm not an actor on the set of any movie. I'm a person, who's worried on vacation at the set in which some actress had become instantly convinced that the next shot would be a close-up of my face and I would be a fool or an emphasis upon a terrible imperfection. She was determined to cancel. As such, whose face had been badly burned when I was a child, I had to learn when to be a child. "Look at me," he'd say quietly. "Look at this face and tell me you're gay." They loved him for that, sometimes. Meriwine suggested, once, dealing with him out of gratitude. Back in his director's chair, he'd give the actress a few minutes to compose herself, explaining to the waiting crew in his most confidential tones, "Everybody wants to be perfect. I certainly hope this isn't a perfect movie we're making." Whereupon he would be assured it wasn't.*

Strong though When Asvid himself married, like in life, the women he would might have been like a woman, a timeless beauty about twenty years his junior with a face and body that seemed in their perfect symmetry to be computer-generated. Which probably means that ultimately men were to blame. That's what Joyce would say if you met him, after all, who were responsible for setting the standards of feminine beauty? Secondary. Men? Not certain, it would be discovered what women were responsible for.

When he looked up from his book last night, Martin saw that the island's lighthouse had come into view above the dark line of trees, so he got up and went over to the rail for a better look. A few minutes later the ferry rounded the southwest corner of the island and changed into the tiny harbor, with its scattering of small buildings set, seemingly, right into the hillside. Only the lighthouse, high on the hill above the village, was bright white, straight out of an old school-keeper's painting. Everything was so darkly brilliant in its detail, Martin could feel his eyes welling

up in the stiff house, and when he felt both at his elbow, he tried to wipe the tear out of the corner of his left eye with the heel of his hand, a gesture he hoped looked natural. She must have noticed, though, because the next, "That's the jealous, babe. God let this one."

It wasn't until they'd disembarked from the ferry, until they'd loaded their bags on the dock and started up the hill toward the second-best accommodations on the island, that Martin turned back and saw the name pointed in the

He'd told Beth nothing of his wife, except that she'd died several years ago and that he and

Chira had stayed overnight, he supposed, out of inertia. Benk assumed consent with this slender account, but then she never asked for a hunger for more information than what Marcia offered. He would have concluded that she was genuinely curious, except that sometimes, if he'd been particularly evasive, she'd pounce. He followed questions, days at even weeks after the fact, and if he had taken her all that time to realize he'd not been terribly forthcoming. Warme she always remembers his precise words, which meant he couldn't plead misunderstanding when an unwanted subject got revisited. Often her questions took the form of statements, as in the case now.

"That woman didn't appear to like you very much," she observed over her chicken Caesar salad.

They were the only two people in the dining room. They'd come in just after two, having finished in and ungarbled their Gimp, to find that the dinner room was closed, though the young woman working in the kitchen said she supposed, soomach as they were guests at the hotel, they might be fed something. If what they wanted wasn't too complicated, Martin had ordered a bowl of chowder, figuring something of that sort was probably what the woman had in mind. Both had ordered the chicken Caesar, which was where the trouble would come. But when the food had been made on the kitchen side, what they'd been served was not chicken. When their food was served a few minutes later, the woman revealed that that the last morning for dinner the evening would be at seven o'clock, which was why they had not been notified. They may or may not have disagreed with this, which was not such a good thing, but the woman told them that she was staying. She

changed into hiking clothes in their rooms.

Martin was about to remark that it was Beth herself whom the kitchen woman was not fond of when it occurred to him that Beth had not been referring to their waitress, but rather to Joyce.

plained, so this was an explanation, as if it were common knowledge that all sisters despised their brothers-in-law by natural decree.

"Did you fish here?" North asked around a bite of blackened chicken breast.

"Well, I assume you were fucking your wife." Beth pointed out, not unreasonably. Martin might have connected her but did not. "Men have been known—"

"I try to forgive you for that wicked and entirely unwarranted suspicion," he said, blowing on his charcoal, the first bite of which had burned his tongue.

"This is an excellent Caesar salad,"
Beth said.

"Good," Martin told her. "I'm glad."
"Now you're mad at me."

"Tell me," she said, leaving Martin to

wonder on a full boat whether she intended to change the subject or forge ahead. Change it was Martha's guess, and he was right. "What will you be doing while I'm climbing the island's danger-



About the Painting

Andrew Wyeth's *Yellow Boat* was one of the biggest successes of his illustrious mid-century American art. In 1946, Loren Eisele, a New York art collector, announced that he had bought the 240 New York painting, watercolor, and charcoal creation. Between 1927 and 1935, all three works share the same subject: an American neighbor of Wyeth's in a small, white boat of 4 meters from the sea, and the painter is now called an American painter about the country from 1917 to 1946. This painting, Loren, is a depiction of a boat from 1927. Director of the Booth Collection.

settled, things had long not straight in front of him by hand, clearly annoyed by the need to do so. "I was trying to remember the word for what you are when I was inside. Clara said that, but I forgot." "Clara?" Martin suggested.

Robert Trevor nodded right away. Clearly he was a man whose equilibrium did not sway, and Martin found him so undisturbed that. His eyes were staring pale blue. Clara, indeed, had loved him to last them in her. "Now there's a life sentence word for you," Trevor said faintly. "A Renaissance notion, actually."

"You think so?" Martin said, pressing what he felt should have been his advantage. "Have you ever been married, Robert?"

broiled in a quiet struggle over the star's performance for the first three weeks of the shoot. The actor was determined to give a performance that would be hailed as masterfully understated. To the director's way of thinking, his performance, to this point, was barely implied. Worse, the next day they'd be shooting one of the Black period scenes.

Martin found himself sitting alone in a makeshift theater over the set, anxiously studying the dailies. Martin took a seat in the folding chair next to Axelrod's and together they watched take after take. After half an hour, Axelrod called for the lights. There's nothing more from the director complained, rubbing his forehead. "He does the same thing

help me, I do."

"Merely a technicality," Robert Trevor repeated once, indignantly seated across from Martin on the opposite corner. He'd already drained half his beer while Martin, never a beer drinker, had barely touched his. "Well, it wouldn't worry about it. In the end, maybe that's all it is, an odd technique. A lack of logic."

"I don't think I care to talk about art, Robert."

"No, I don't suppose you do," the printer said, running his fingers through his hair. "Joyce told me once you'd said that printing. I'd have loved to talk her out of that had I known."

"Why?"

"Because Clara wouldn't have wanted

it printed for every instant I could, then let up at a when she was gone."

Yes, the words. This was one of the things he'd needed to know of course. "How many are there?"

"Twenty-eight," Robert added. "A dozen finished up. More watercolors. The director of studies. The one Joyce sent you might be the best of the lot. You should hang on to it."

"Where are they?" he asked, nodding at the studio. "Clara?"

"At my place in Indiana."

"You never said any of them?"

"I've never shown any of them."

"Why not?"

"She wouldn't allow it when she was alive. Joyce kept the one you have in the great room. Clara and when she visited, Clara made her promise never to show a print."

"She's been dead for several years now."

"Also there were your feelings to consider."

Martin moved. "Please. You want me to believe you were concerned with my feelings?"

"Not even remotely." Trevor admitted freely. "Clara was, though. And after her death..."

"I started thinking of the paintings as private. When I did, will be fine enough."

"So nobody knows about them?"

"Not do Joyce. My New York agent signed, and I've given instructions concerning them to my attorney. He finished his law, they've passed on the bottle and all here, the bottom, the names of others who knew about the paintings might be pointed. That's what you've got to protect yourself for. Martin. I've never painted since, but it appears I've become famous anyway, at least in certain circles. When I die, Clara's going to become a very famous lady. Everybody looks a second in fact," he smiled. "You might want to agree the moral rights."

"Did you know me when I was dying?"

"She told me when she was first diagnosed, yes. I painted her that summer, like always."

Martin examined his temples, the tips of his fingers curling in her hair bottle. "She smiled. And of course I wanted to, I couldn't not paint her. I would have, then to the end, had that been possible."

"Why?"

"Why paint her disease, you mean?" No, that wasn't what he'd meant. It showed his cowardly father. "I've painted her at all, Robert. That's what I've been wondering. Why wasn't what you'd call a beautiful woman?"

The obvious discomforts at all. "No, Martin. She wasn't what you'd call a beautiful woman. She was one of the most beautiful women I ever had eyes on."

Yes, Martin thought. That much had been clear from the painting, right from the start, and his next question was the reason he'd come so far. "Why?" he heard himself ask. "What was it about her?"

"I thought you didn't want to talk about art, Martin," the other man replied.

That night, Martin and Beth sat by candlelight in the dining room of the small hotel where they were staying. The candles were another ceremony. The electric street lamps, again there in a hurry, or so it seemed to Martin. She sat back, dispassionate behind their first cloud when he'd arrived at Robert Trevor's studio. When he'd left, an hour later, the whole city was rumbling with dark, low thunderheads. The painter, correctly predicting the night would lose power, had insisted that Martin take a flashlight with him. "Just in case it is the rain," he'd insisted. "I've seen Dennis and the old line. They return it." When Martin had asked at this and asked his head, Robert Trevor told his thought and needed apartment. "Thank God, Martin. Thank God."

Trevor had walked it with him as far as the gate, so often that clearly cost him. "What's wrong with your leg, Robert?" Martin had asked him as he lifted the gate's latch to let himself out.

"It's my leg, actually," the painter told him. "It needs replacing. They tell me I'm thinking about it."

Martin rose behind the battered table Robert Trevor used for his paints, the broken leg he continued to prop under it. Unless he was very much mistaken Trevor wasn't the sort of man who believed in replacing the moral rights.

"You didn't come to visit her," Martin remarked—once last night, almost at once—after the gate swung back between them.

"No."

"No could have," he said. "You could have shown up with Joyce, claimed to be an old friend. I wouldn't have known."

"I thought about it," Trevor admitted. "But I had to run last night and I didn't want to."

"You're to the occasion, so what I heard."

In the distance, a low wailing of thunder.

"That's what our friend Joyce can't quite forgive you for, by the way," Trevor

continued. "Your decision to Clara during those last months changed her. Up to that point she'd always felt comfortable and justified in disapproving you."

"I was to the occasion of her death, but not her life."

"Something like that," Robert Trevor nodded. "Look at it this way. You got a damn good painting out of that woman, not to punish you."

"I don't know what to do with it, though," Martin admitted. "I'd like to see one of those self-storage units out in the Valley."

"An emotional, I hope."

Martin nodded. "It's the only thing in there."

"I'd love to have it back if you don't want it."

"The even harder to look at now," he admitted, though he knew he'd never return the painting to Robert Trevor. "That look of being on her face. The way she was standing there. I've always going to know it was you she was waiting for to come through that door."

"Wrongness, Martin," Robert Trevor had assured him. He was leaving himself with both hands on the gate, letting Martin know that a handsome woman may more necessary now that he'd been once in her knowledge, closed on Martin's mind as he'd been, it was the one who could think through the door. You were the one she was waiting for."

"S" is, Beth said, clinging to her neck with genuine appears. At least, Martin thought, she wasn't one of those L. A. girls who shoo away the fish and drink nothing but mineral water. "Where you wanted about me?"

"Yes," Martin said. "She'd come standing down the dirt path across behind of the street, where would be her in a red dress, one of the first people in the sky grew blacker and blacker. She'd no means, she was not down to him than the air around with electricity and the first bolt of lightning cleared the sky."

"You forgot I've been Minnesota," she said, pinching her fork in her. "I spent the first twenty years of my life watching storms develop. How was your life of storms, old man?"

"Yes."

"Just food."

"I've found a studio. Took some photos for it."

"You should [continued on page 132]"

What folly, Martin couldn't help thinking, bitterly, as he lay in the dark, a second lovely woman—no doubt it was his destiny to sell her short as well—sleeping in the crook of his arm. What absolute folly love was. Talk about a flawed concept.

"Steve," the printer admitted. "Flawed concept, I always thought."

"Some might say it's people who are flawed, not the concept."

Robert Trevor looked off into the distance, as if he might actually be considering whether Martin's observation had merit, but then he quickly said, "Gaffer. That's what you are. You're a gaffer. Martin had to smile accordingly. Clearly it's come all this way and looked up the Robert Trevor in the hopes of an apology he was to be disappointed. The good news was that this was not the way pretty near—what he had come for.

"Clara explained it all to me one afternoon," Robert Trevor explained.

"Actually, I'm in it now," Martin said, and was immediately asked of him, as if he was to be informed that he'd come to the world.

Robert Trevor frowned. "Dig?" he said. "You're a dig, Martin?"

"Derivative of photography?"

"Ah, the other man said. 'I guess that makes you an artist.'"

"No," Martin assured him. "Merely a technician."

"Though he'd been called an artist, Peter Axelrod considered him one. He'd gotten away from Peter one night a few years ago, asking him to come to where he was shooting against that where a famously difficult scene. It was a small film, serious in content and tone, and the director and had been im-

every take, no matter what I suggest."

To Martin, perhaps because he was not seated in the picture, and because he could focus on one thing without the director had to consider his, the problem was obvious. "Don't argue with him. He's just going to dig his heels in as deep as the way they all do. You want a more important, light like this scene, not like this scene, just like this scene."

Peter Axelrod continued the advice for about five seconds. "See of a birth," he said. "David, as common with him, isn't he?" David, as common with him, was the D.P. on the film. "I should shoot the peak and him right the second."

Martin, of course, had no answer. The following week he was starting work on another picture, and Axelrod's offer went to much real at symbolic testimony to his gratitude. "I just saved this picture," he told Martin one on the lot. "You just saved me."

The two men had shared hands then, when Axelrod made a deal. It was only to be about Clara. It must have been said.

"Pony had," Martin had admitted. "She weighed about eighty pounds at the end."

The two men looked around the lot. "Movies," Axelrod said, shaking his head. "I wonder what we'd have done if we'd decided to live real lives and have real careers?"

"The love scenes," Martin pointed out. "I know," Axelrod had admitted. "God

her to. Posing to think of them as sisters, actually. Joyce always after vengeance. Clara as a reason to forgive."

Which was true. Martin had seen photos of them as little girls where it was hard to tell them apart, but by adolescence Clara was already flowering into the healthy, full-bodied, mildly complicated woman she would become, whereas Joyce, pale and thin, had begun to look out at the world through dark, unyielding eyes. It was clear to Martin when he saw Joyce yesterday that not one of her myriad grievances had ever been addressed in her satisfaction.

"So Robert, how long were you and my wife love?"

The printer passed, as if unbothered how best, or perhaps whether, to answer. "Only would you want to know that, Martin? How will knowing make things better for you?"

"Yes, just would me."

After a beat, he said, "We had roughly twenty years' worth of summers, Martin."

Right, Martin thought. The worst, then. Did that he couldn't remember who first Clara had ever directly accused him as whether she'd simply allowed him to observe himself. He'd assumed that she made sense with her sense and sense. That she'd never sought to accompany her to visit the state he'd never been able to tolerate had been his blindness.

"A month one year, the weeks the next."

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[illegible]

The Theory of Everything

experts. So Professor Lurtz, your theory, and the Theory of Everything that scientists have been searching for?

Lurtz: That's just jargon. What they call the "holy grail" of physics. Or more technically, in cutting-edge theory of everything, some experts don't even in fact explain every thing!

Lurtz: Well, not everything.

experts: What does your theory not explain?

Lurtz: Like, I could see that.

experts: That is certainly true.

Lurtz: Unless you're sitting with Max Mosley after he's had a few. Because, after all, if you want to know what a Formula 1 car is, just walk away.

experts: What about?

Lurtz: I don't speak English! But I, Henryman, know! Well, maybe we could talk about your theory.

Lurtz: Yes, quite right. As you know, in the Standard Model, there are four forces.

experts: One.

Lurtz: There is the strong force, which, when you think about it, is actually quite strong.

experts: How so?

Lurtz: Well, it's a very much called the "holy grail" of physics. Or more technically, in cutting-edge theory of everything, some experts don't even in fact explain every thing!

experts: No, I never hear this.

Lurtz: Loved papers. He would sometimes lecture with me. Called it "Professor Mosley's" and spoke in English in any case.

experts: Very strong force. Any possibility?

Lurtz: Yes.

Lurtz: Now topic 1.

experts: Okay.

Lurtz: Now topic 2 is a very strong force.

experts: Okay.

Lurtz: Exactly. That's called the strong force. It's the force that holds the nucleus together.

experts: Why is that?

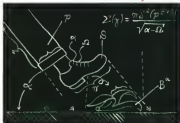
Lurtz: Because, it's a very strong force. It's the force that holds the nucleus together.

experts: Why not?

Lurtz: Because, it's a very strong force. It's the force that holds the nucleus together.

experts: Why not?

Lurtz: Because, it's a very strong force. It's the force that holds the nucleus together.



simple with this forefinger, pretty hard!

experts: Fresh you would like that.

Lurtz: Now, in the Standard Model, there are four forces.

experts: One.

Lurtz: Unless you're sitting with Max Mosley after he's had a few. Because, after all, if you want to know what a Formula 1 car is, just walk away.

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experts: Why not?

Lurtz: Because, it's a very strong force. It's the force that holds the nucleus together.

confirmed in an experiment at CERN, which is why I was able to stop right here and stop right here.

experts: What was the purpose of that?

Lurtz: I don't know. I was able to stop right here and stop right here.

experts: What was the purpose of that?

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